42: Vanoverbergh E-5 (no date) 1936-1938 OA1 Philippines
Apayao OA5
Isneg

551 sides, I have experienced that old men and women usually give the
769 name very readily, although they be related to the person in question. That such a prohibition does not last indefinitely, even with the relatives of the deceased, is corroborated by the fact that the names of persons who were renowned for one reason or another during their lifetime, are often preferred when there is question of giving a little babe its first name: and it is far from unusual to encounter an Isneg youngster called after one of his own ancestors.

551 Then there are the names of the father-in-law and of the mother-in-
606 law (*katuxáñan*), which may never be pronounced under any pretext.
553 Up to this day very few Isneg, even among those who have been in contact with civilization for a long time, are bold enough to discard all fear on the subject and to pronounce them. This is especially apparent at the baptism of a child, when we record the names of its parents and grandparents: it very often happens that only one of the parents accompanies the baby that has to be christened, and this is a source of many difficulties, if there is no other person at hand who is acquainted with the names of the parents of the absent party. In case one of the persons whose names have to be recorded is dead, one can get at his name after comparatively little urging, but the name of a father-in-law or a mother-in-law, that never.

551 And why? The Isneg mostly do not know or pretend not to know
606 the reason: sometimes they say that, if they pronounce any of these names, their children will die, but such an answer is always accompanied by the term *kanó*, "it is said". But why should their children die? The whole question is probably shrouded in mystery even to the Isneg themselves; but one thing is certain: an almost insurmountable fear must have been instilled into them from time immemorial, while the real reason, the death penalty inflicted on the offspring of the offender, a penalty inflicted by *anito* of course, if this is the real reason, may have been forgotten either entirely or almost so by the majority of the natives. This fear must have been exceedingly great indeed in order to have the custom remain so persistently and so universally, even after the real explanation has been lost sight of. And that the Isneg have forgotten it, I am rather inclined to believe; I have been able to enter deeply into many matters much more delicate than the one in question, and although this has been done sometimes with no little difficulty, I usually have obtained what I wanted, but here the interrogation mark has so far remained as it was. Or is this a matter much more delicate in the eyes of the Isneg than

42: Vanoverbergh E-5 (no date) 1936-1938 OA1 Philippines
Apayao OA5
Ineg
Northern Filipinos OA29

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many another one that might seem to be so from a Caucasian's point of view?

In this connection I should be allowed to explain a superstition that is current among Christian Iloko. It refers to the name of the mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Many old Iloko women persist in denying this title to St. Ann. "Saint Ann", they say, "is the mother of Saint Elizabeth; but the name of the mother of our Lady is not Ann. We are not allowed to pronounce it; whoever does so under ordinary circumstances dies an instantaneous death. When somebody is on his deathbed, the priest whispers that name to him, and if the dying person pronounces it and at the same time recites thirteen times the Hail Holy Queen or Salve Regina, he will go straight to heaven."

Now you may laugh at this superstition, you may preach against it, you may exhaust all your knowledge and eloquence in order to prove its silliness, you may even fly into a passion, but the old women will answer you unperturbed: "Never mind, we know what we are talking about. You see, you yourself do not tell us anything about that name, because you know very well that you would die if you dared to pronounce it out of season". And make an old Iloko woman change her mind!

They even go further than that. One day, while I was rector of the parish at Bangar (1916-1921), my laundress became dangerously ill. One of her relatives having come to call me, I immediately went to her house, but when I reached the place, she had already become unconscious. I ministered to her as is customary under the circumstances, and finally left her seemingly in a hopeless condition. But the old girl was not yet ready to give up the strife, and after a couple of weeks she fully recovered. She had barely been able to move around for a few days, when she started telling anybody who wanted to hear about it that, at the time of my visit, I had whispered to her the name of Mary's mother.

After such an experience I thought it my duty to try all possible means in order to put a stop to this absurdity. Not a few of my parishioners evidently knew the name in question and it might perhaps be possible to learn all about it: then I would pronounce it in season and out of season, and show to everybody's satisfaction that the whole affair was nothing but a silly superstition. But it took me more time than I had anticipated in order to get hold of that elusive name; the women did not want to risk their life by telling me, and besides they

42: Vanoverbergh E-5 (no date) 1936-1938 OA1 Philippines
Apayao OA5
Isneg
Northern Filipinos OA2

N 551 602 776 811

were firmly convinced that I knew at least as much as they did. Fortunately my persistent efforts in that direction were finally crowned with success, and I came to learn that famous name, which was supposed to be known to all priests, but could not be pronounced by them except at the deathbed of one of their charges, and which was considered as the appellation of our Lady's mother: an old Iloko woman whispered it to me after I had promised her very solemnly that I took all responsibility upon myself, and after I had assured her most emphatically that no harm would accrue to her on account of her indiscretion.

Now that name was, as she pronounced it, *Adúnay*, nothing else but a Hebrew name for God, correctly Adonai. The next Sunday I announced from the pulpit that the whole story was humbug pure and simple, and to prove it I pronounced the name and explained it. All the time I could observe several old women in the congregation who did nothing but cross themselves whenever I pronounced that "sacred" name: they were probably very much concerned about my safety and thought perhaps that I should fall dead at any moment. But had I been able to eradicate this absurd superstition once for all, at least among my own people? Not a bit. The women were ready at once with explanations of their own: my case was a special one; anybody else of course who dared pronounce that name would die a certain death. Maybe they thought that I carried some famous amulet on my person, something which was known only to me and which would preserve me from all harm. Such an explanation on their part should not be wondered at, as I have been credited with bilocation, with the power of passing roaring torrents at a jump, and other nonsense.

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But to return to our Isneg: might it not be possible that there is some connection between the two beliefs? Indeed in both cases the penalty of death is supposed to follow in the wake of the pronunciation of a certain name: in the case of the Isneg, the pronunciation of the name of the father-in-law or the mother-in-law entails the death of the offender's offspring; in that of the Iloko, the person who dares pronounce out of season the name of the mother of our Lady is punished by death. It goes without saying that the latter belief cannot be justified by anything and is nothing else but gross superstition, as the Iloko have been Christians for centuries, and besides the belief in question could not have evolved into its present state except among a Christianized people.